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# PUNCHY

## OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CXCIX No. 5187

August 21 1940

### *Charivaria*

CONFIDENCE is expressed in Rome that MUSSOLINI will be victorious in his Eastern campaign. We agree that ultimately he will get his deserts.

A German Air Communiqué states that search is being made for three missing Heinkel 113s. Have they thought of sending down a diver in the Channel?

The Navy is said to be welcoming our yachtsmen in its ranks because they seldom do much talking. So much for the Solent Service.



Breeding moths, we are told, is both an interesting and profitable hobby. Maybe it is; but we still have a sneaking regard for our old dinner-jacket.

A Dutch civilian charged by the Gestapo with espionage was found "Not Guilty" by a German military court. Fair play is suspected.

A film has been made of the life of a famous American stage magician. On the opening night he made a personal disappearance.

"Germans," says a Berlin paper, "have got used to having very little sugar in their coffee." And also no coffee in their coffee.

In an American court a judge was removed from the Bench and placed in the dock. We fear this will not happen at Riom.

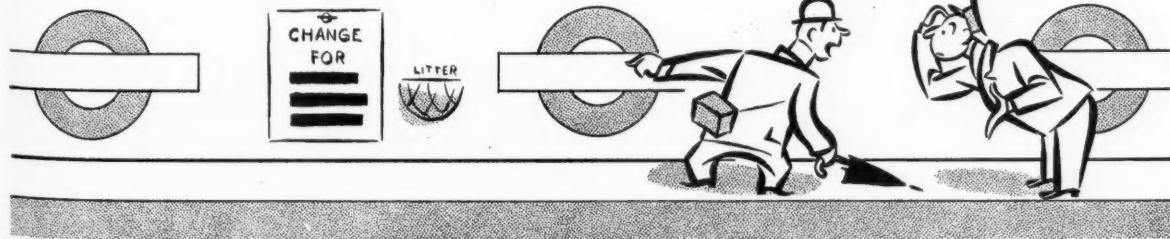
"Not every man can stand being lionized," says a gossip writer. Daniel did.

It is reported that a bomb explosion blew the father and mother of a large family out of the drawing-room window, unharmed. Horrid people are saying that this is the first time they had been out together for fifteen years.

"The suggestion that representations should be made to the British Government with a view to having facilities granted to Irish workers in England to pay periodical visits to their families in this country is contained in a question to be put to Mr. de Valera, Minister for External Affairs." —*Irish Times*.

A bad snub for the Vatican.

If the names were removed from Underground stations, the passenger could never distinguish any of them except the one where he took his ticket and the terminus. On the Inner Circle he would simply starve to death.



## The Reckoning

I THINK that Peace-time when it comes  
 Will reach the Germans first  
 Because they do such curious sums  
 With all the facts reversed;  
 And Dr. Goebbels one fine night  
 When totting up the scores  
 Will feel there's no one left to fight—  
 And that's the end of wars.

Why carry on this constant toil  
 By land, by air, by sea  
 When Britain has no ships, no oil,  
 No aeroplanes, no tea,  
 While Heinkels falling fast and thick  
 From dawn to set of sun  
 Are rescued by the simple trick  
 Of counting twelve as one?

No need to fight with fogs and mist,  
 The waves are worthless foes,  
 And what remains (on Hitler's list)  
 To fight with now but those?  
 And if he hears loud bangs meanwhile  
 And half his towns fall flat  
 Some story in the Nazi style  
 Shall soon account for that.

EVOE.

○ ○

## Don't Cut this Out.

I SHALL become exceedingly ill-informed," said my friend Hocksquabble, "if the newspapers persist in this detestable practice of telling me to cut things out."

"You used to be pretty ill-informed before," I said.

"I admit it," said Hocksquabble. "But when I saw in a newspaper something it seemed possibly advisable for me to know, I did at least read it. Nowadays I don't even read it. I cannot bear that beastly little notice CUT THIS OUT on the top. If they'd let me alone I would have read it, and cut it out, and—"

"And lost it," I said.

"Never mind. I have been doing this with interesting and possibly useful newspaper-cuttings for years and years; but I will not," said Hocksquabble, "be browbeaten. If the newspapers believe I'm fool enough not to think of cutting out something I want without being told, or German enough to cut out something I don't want simply because I am told, they can think," said Hocksquabble, "again. I spit in their eye."

"Come, come..."

"I would if I could find it. The only trouble is," he went on, gratuitously assuming my interest in his position, "that by so doing I, as it were, spite my own face."

There was a short silence. I was considering the mechanics of this complicated manoeuvre, and Hocksquabble was waiting for me to say "How?"

At length he grew tired of waiting and announced "I am quite sure that lately I have been completely missing items which, left to myself—"

"I bet you mean 'that'."

"—which, left to myself, I should have cut out and carried in my pocket for years."

"You did mean 'that.' Definitive. Look up Fowler."

"Only this morning," said Hocksquabble, waving grammar aside, "I was looking at a bit of the *Boston Transcript* of October 31, 1938. You know, that map of Hitler's—Conquest 1938-1948, or Bit by Bit—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland—"

"I know. You showed it to me at the time."

"Exactly. And the following January some London paper reprinted it."

"Two months ago it was issued by our own dear M. of I," I recalled, "with a loud boom."

"Yes. In fact," said Hocksquabble, "I might just as well throw it away now; everybody knows all about it; but for some reason I regard it with affection. The point is, however," he went on sternly, "that if it had been headed CUT THIS OUT my eye would not have so much as lingered on it in the first place."

I said he must remember that according to Mr. Eliot the readers of the *Boston Evening Transcript* sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn, or did in the early part of this century, and that possibly this still applied. "Perhaps," I suggested, "the editor hesitates to make use of his almost terrifying power. The spectacle of a huge field of readers all occupied in cutting the same thing out—"

"Never mind the motive," Hocksquabble said. "The thing was left to my own initiative, so all was well; that's the point. Now our own papers don't seem to realize the sort of free-born independent people they have to deal with. If we want it, we'll save it, and if we don't why the blazes should we? I'd rather be ill-informed than obey their confounded instructions."

"No one need know."

"I should know," said Hocksquabble proudly. "The feeling that I had obeyed a senseless order—"

"The Charge of the Light Brigade—"

"Besides," he interrupted, looking sideways at me with a self-conscious expression, "there is the person who clears away one's discarded newspaper. This person sees with derision that one has cut out of one's paper the bit one was told to cut out."

"This person has quite possibly cut it out of her or his own copy too," I said.

"Exactly. Degrading," said Hocksquabble. "The knowledge that one was running with the herd just like any beastly Nazi! Pah! It would spoil one's appetite for lunch."

"The Ministry of Food says—"

"Never mind the Ministry of Food, or the Light Brigade, or the readers of the *Boston Transcript*," said Hocksquabble testily.

"What about Fowler?"

"The point is that the papers have got to stop their senseless habit of telling me to cut things out, or I shall become exceedingly ill-informed."

"This is where I came in."

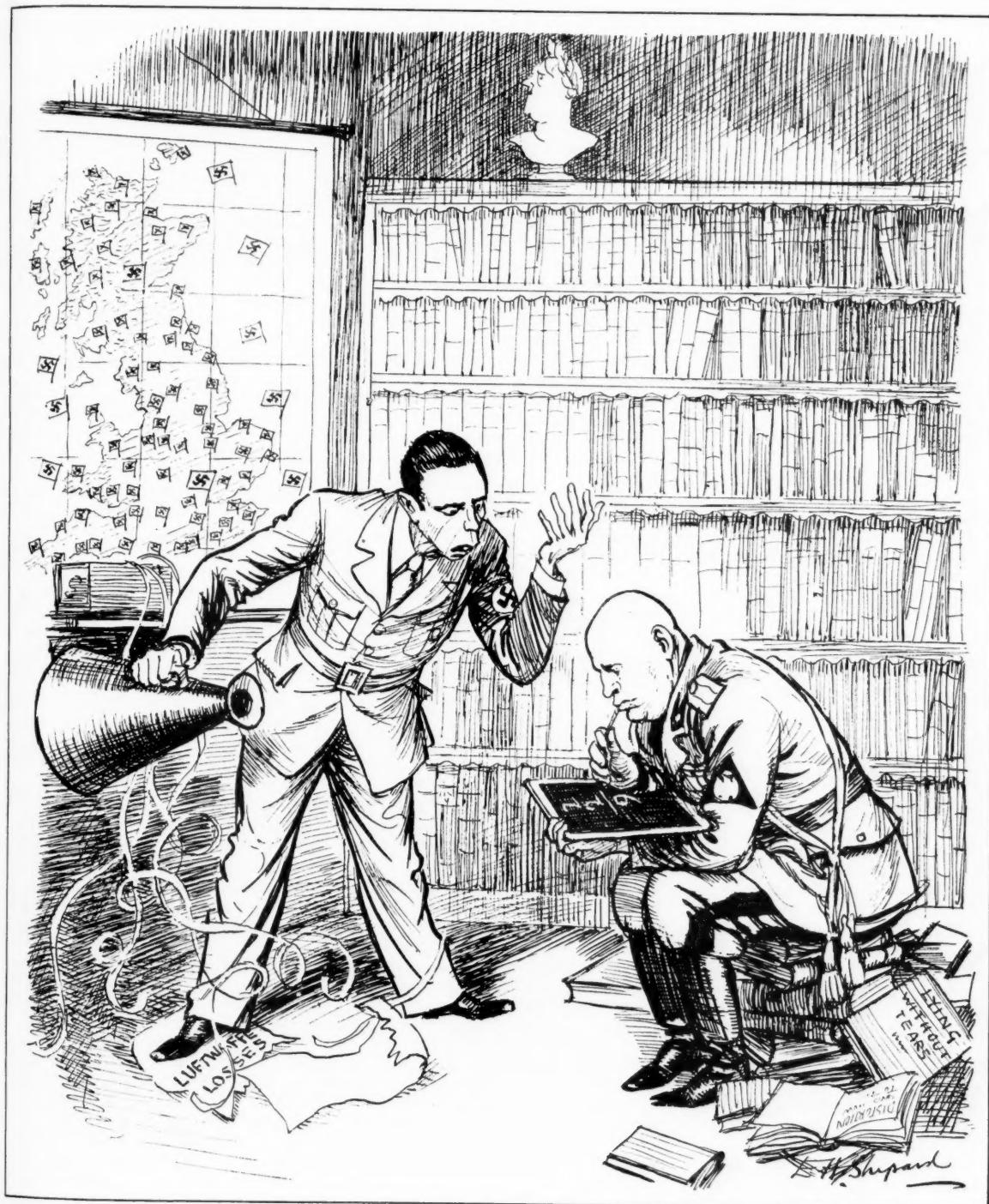
"This," said Hocksquabble dangerously, "is where—"  
 "Cut it out," I said.

R. M.

○ ○

"Yesterday morning, at an unreasonably early hour, my entire household was awakened by a prolonged and insistent ringing, which, when I answered it, proved to be a 'wrong number' call. The operator, however, offered no regret for this interference with our sleep; and I am told by several friends that they have lately had similar experiences, attributable in part, no doubt, to staffing changes occasioned by the war, but easily avoidable by the exercise of a little car."—*Daily Paper*.

Or even a bicycle, if the operator is a really nice man.



### THE CRAMMER

"Surely it's pretty simple! You multiply your gains by ten and divide your losses by twenty; and shout as loud as you can."



## The Word in Season

By P. G. Wodehouse



**A**MONG the names on the list of candidates up for election at the Drones there appeared, proposed by R. P. Little and seconded by a prominent Crumput, that of

**LITTLE, ALGERNON AUBREY,** and several of the Eggs, Beans and Piefaces who had gathered about the notice-board were viewing it with concern. In every club you will find an austere conservative element that looks askance at the unusual and irregular.

"He can't do that there here," said an Egg, putting into words the sentiment of this *bloc*. "Hoy!" he went on, addressing the Crumput, who had entered as he spoke. "What about this nominee of Bingo Little's?"

"Yes," said a Bean. "He can try as much as he likes to cloud the issue by calling him 'Algernon Aubrey,' as if he were a brother or cousin or something, but the stark fact remains that the above is his baby. We don't want infants mewling and puking about the place."

"Keep it clean," urged a Pieface.

"Shakespeare," explained the Bean.

"Oh, Shakespeare?" said the Pieface. "Sorry. No, we don't want any bally babies here."

A grave look came into the Crumput's face.

"You want this one," he said. "You can't afford to do without him. Recent events have convinced Bingo that this offspring of his is a Grade A mascot, and he feels that the club should have the benefit of his services. Again and again with his faultless sense of timing he has saved Bingo from the soup when it was lashing angrily about his ankles. An instance of this occurred only last week. I tell you, this halfportion's knack of doing the right thing at the right moment is uncanny. I believe the child is almost human."

His eloquence was not without its effect. But though some of the malcontents wavered the Egg remained firm.

"That's all very well, but the question that presents itself is—Where will this stop? I mean, what guarantee have we that if we elect this juvenile

Bingo won't start trying to ring in his old nurse or his Uncle Wilberforce or the proprietor of that paper he works for—what's his name—Purkiss?"

"I don't know about the nurse or his Uncle Wilberforce," said the Crumput, "but you need have no anxiety concerning Purkiss. Bingo's relations with the big chief are formal, even distant. Owing to Purkiss, he recently had to undergo a mental strain almost without parallel in his experience. And though, thanks to this beneficent baby, there was a happy ending, he finds it difficult to forgive."

"What did Purkiss do to him?"

"It was what Purkiss didn't do to him. He refused to pay ten quid for his story, and if ever Bingo needed ten quid he needed it then. He had gone and got himself into a position where nothing less than that colossal sum could save him from the fate that is worse than death—viz., having the wife of his bosom draw her breath in

older, to find that all unknown his loved ones had been working on his behalf, bumping up his balance like billy-o. And Bingo, mellowed by the rather exceptional steak-and-kidney pudding which they had had at dinner, got the party spirit and said that if that was the trend affairs were taking, he was dashed if he didn't spring a tenner also.

Upon which Mrs. Bingo said "Oh, Bingo!" and kissed him with a good deal of fervour, and the curtain of Act One falls on a happy and united home.

Now, at the moment when he made this sporting gesture, Bingo happened to be in a position to come through. He actually had ten quid in his possession, an advance on his salary from *Wee Tots*, the journal for the nursery which he so ably edits. But a couple of days later a mistaken confidence in a horse called Jujube left him penniless, and there he was, faced by a crisis of the first magnitude. Mrs. Bingo doesn't like him to bet—it is one of the things she looks squiggle-eyed about—and the discovery that he had once more been chancing his arm would be bound to lead to an unpleasant scene, from which he shrank.

And discovery, unless he could somehow raise the cash and raise it quick, was of course inevitable. Sooner or later Mrs. Bingo would be taking a look at the infant's passbook, and when she did would immediately spot something wrong with the figures. "Hey!" she would cry. "Where's that ten-spot you said you were depositing?" and from this to the bleak show-down would be but a short step.

It was a situation in which many fellows would just have turned their faces to the wall and waited for the end. But there is good stuff in Bingo. He spat on his hands and acted. He sat right down and wrote a story about a little girl called Gwendoline and her cat Tibby. The idea of course being to publish it in *Wee Tots* and make a substantial clean-up.

It wasn't a soft job. He tells me that until he started on it he had no notion what a ghastly sweat literature was, and a new admiration for Mrs.



sharply and look squiggle-eyed at him. He had been relying on Purkiss to do the square thing, and Purkiss let him down."

You see (proceeded the Crumput), what had happened was this. Algernon Aubrey was shortly about to celebrate his first birthday, and Mrs. Bingo told Bingo that she was going to pay in ten pounds to his account—not Bingo's, no such luck, Algernon Aubrey's: he has an account at the local bank—and that her mother was going to pay in ten pounds too, and so was the child's maternal Aunt Isabel, and what a lovely surprise it would be for the young buster, when he got

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Bingo awoke in him. Mrs. Bingo, as you know, is Rosie M. Banks, the authoress, and does her three thousand words a day without ricking a muscle. And to complete this Tibby number, which cannot have run to more than fifteen hundred, took Bingo over a week, during which period he on several occasions as near as a toucher went off his onion.

However, he finished it at last, copied it out neatly, submitted it to himself, read it with considerable interest and accepted it, putting it down on the charge sheet for ten of the best. And when pay-day arrived and no tenner, he sought audience of Purkiss.

"Oh, Mr. Purkiss," he said. "Sorry to butt in on your meditations, but it's about that story."

Purkiss looked at him fishily, for he was one of those fishy-eyed blokes.

"Story?"

Bingo explained the cires. He said that he was the author of "Tibby's Wonderful Adventure" in the current issue, and Purkiss said he had read it with much pleasure, and Bingo oh-thanked and simpered coyly, and then there was a bit of a silence.

"Well, how about the emolument?" said Bingo, getting down to the *res*.

"Emolument?" said Purkiss, intensifying the fishy glitter in his eyes.

"There should be a tenner coming to me."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Purkiss. "Oh, no, no, no, no, no. All contributions which you may make to the paper are of course covered by your salary."

"What!" cried Bingo. "You mean I don't touch?"

Purkiss assured him that he didn't, and Bingo, after a passionate appeal to his better nature which failed to bring home the bacon, tottered from the room and staggered off here to have a quick snort and think things over.

The restorative fluid revived the old



fighting spirit in him. Somewhere, somehow, he told himself as he lapped it up, he was going to raise those ten o'goblins or perish in the attempt. And just as he came to this decision, whom

should he see brooding in a chair across the room but Oofy Prosser. It seemed to him that Oofy was the People's Choice.

Now a fellow who is going to lend you a tenner must have two prime qualifications. He must be good for the amount and he must be willing to part with it. Oofy unquestionably filled the bill in the first particular, but experience had taught Bingo that he was apt to fall down on the second. Nevertheless it was in optimistic mood that he beetled over to where the other sat. Oofy, he reminded himself, was Algernon Aubrey's godfather, and it was only natural to suppose that he would be delighted to weigh in with a birthday present for the little chap. Well, not delighted, perhaps. Still, a bit of persevering excavating work would probably dig up the needful.

"Oh, hullo, Oofy," he said. "I say, Oofy, do you know what? It's Algy's birthday in a few days."

"Algy who?"

"Algy A. Little. The good old baby. Your godson."

A quick shudder ran through Oofy's frame. I think I told you not long ago about the time when he had a morning



head and Bingo brought the stripling to his flat and introduced them. The memory was still green in O. Prosser's mind.

"Oh, my aunt!" he said. "That frightful little gumboil!"

His tone was not encouraging, giving almost no evidence of a godfather's love, but Bingo carried on.

"Presents are now pouring in, and I knew you would be hurt if you were not given the opportunity of contributing some little trifle. Ten quid was what suggested itself to me. The simplest thing," said Bingo, "would be if you were to slip me the money now. Then it would be off your mind."

Oofy flushed darkly beneath his pimples.

"Now, listen," he said, and there was no mistaking the ring of determination in his voice. "When you talked me—against my better judgment—into being godfather to a child who

looks like a ventriloquist's dummy, I expressly stipulated that a silver mug was to let me out. That still holds good. Ten quid, forsooth!"

"Ten quid isn't much."

"It's ten quid more than you're going to get out of me."

Bingo reluctantly decided to come clean.

"As a matter of fact, Oofy, old man, it's not the baby who wants the stuff.



It's me—your old friend, the fellow you've known since he was so high. Unless I get a tenner immediately, disaster stares me in the eyeball. So give of your plenty, Oofy, like the splendid chap you are."

"No!" cried Oofy. "No, no, a thousand times—"

The words died on his lips. He cheezed it abruptly, and sat open-mouthed, staring at Bingo.

"Listen," he said, "are you doing anything this evening?"

"No."

"Can you slip away from home?"

"Oh, rather. As it happens I'm all alone at the moment. My wife and Mrs. Purkiss, the moon of my proprietor's delight, have legged it to Brighton to attend some sort of Old Girls' bings at their late school and won't be back till to-morrow."

"Good. I want you to dine at the Ritz."

"Fine. Nothing I should like better. I meet you there, do I?"

"You do not. I'm leaving for Paris this afternoon. What you meet is a girl named Mabel Moresby with red hair, a vivacious manner and a dimple on the left side of the chin. You feed her and take her to the theatre and give her a bite of supper afterwards."

Bingo drew himself up. He was deeply shocked at the other's loose ideas of how married men behaved when their wives were away.

"Do this," said Oofy, "and you get your tenner."

Bingo lowered himself.

"Is this official?"

"It is," said Oofy. "Listen. I will tell you all."

It was a dubious and discreditable



story that he related. The gist of it was as follows. For some time past, it appeared, he had been flitting round this girl like a pimpled butterfly, giving her the burning eye and the low voice with a catch in it, and he had suddenly realized with a sickening shock that his emotional nature had brought him to the very verge of matrimony. Another step and he would be over the precipice. It was the dimple that did it, principally, he said. Confronted with it at short range, he tended to say things which in sober retrospect he regretted.

"I asked her to dine and go to the theatre to-night," he concluded, "and if I go I'm sunk. Only instant flight can save me."

"I understand," said Bingo, nodding intelligently.

"But that's not all," said Oofy. "You haven't grasped how far the evil has spread. I want you not only to take her out, but finally and definitely to choke her off me. You must roast me like nobody's business. Pretend you think me a frightful tick."

The verb "pretend" did not seem to Bingo very happily chosen, but he made no comment. He nodded intelligently again to show that he followed the scenario.

"Pitch it strong," said Oofy. "I'll tell you some things to say."

"No, no, don't bother," said Bingo. "I'll think of them. You have the theatre tickets, of course?"



"Here they are."

"And for expenses I shall need about fifteen pounds, I imagine."

"You ought to do something about that feverish imagination of yours."

You will need five pounds twelve and sixpence. I've worked it out. Here it is," said Oofy, starting to dribble currency. "And here's the tenner."

"Right," said Bingo.

"Right," said Oofy.

It was with a light heart that Bingo passed through the portals of the Ritz that evening. The thought that in addition to getting a square meal he was actually being paid for saying what he thought about Oofy was a very agreeable one. Up to the present he had always had to give his views away gratis. While dressing and subsequently while making his way to the restaurant he had roughed out some very spirited stuff, and now all that remained was to get in touch with his audience.

He had not been waiting long when a girl appeared, so vermillion in the upper story and so dimpled on the left side of the chin that he had no hesitation in ambling up and establishing contact.

"Miss Moresby?"

"You never said a truer word."

"My name is Little, R. P. Oofy Prosser, having been unexpectedly called away to the Continent, asked me to roll up and deputize for him."

"He's gone to the Continent?"

"He left this afternoon."

"I must say it's a bit thick, asking somebody to dinner and then buzzing off to Continents."

"Not for Oofy," said Bingo, starting the treatment. "His work is generally infinitely thicker than that. I don't know how well you know him?"

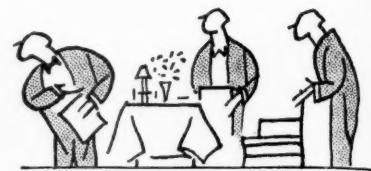
"Fairly well."

"When you know him really well you will realize that you are dealing with something quite exceptional. Take Beelzebub and Ananias, add a few slugs and a couple of wart-hogs from the Zoo, sprinkle liberally with pimples, and you will have something which, while of course less loathsome than Alexander Prosser, will give you the general idea."

So saying, he hoiked her into the dining salon and the meal started.

It went off with a bang. In his bachelor days, as you probably know, Bingo had been a notable lusher-up of females, skipping from one to another like the chamois of the Alps in search of edelweiss: and though marriage had left him short of practice, he soon found the old technique coming back to him.

This girl, moreover, was an exceptionally attractive girl, easy to talk to, and her views on Oofy proved to be as sound as his own. She told him that she had gone around with this Prosser only because he had made such a point



of it. Left to herself, she wouldn't have touched him with a barge-pole. Not that she ever had actually touched him with a barge-pole—but he knew what she meant.

Bingo replied that he knew just what she meant, and a perfect harmony prevailed.

They ticked Oofy off properly between the Acts at the theatre and, later, during the bite of supper. And as it seemed to Bingo that even now they had not really exhausted the topic, he fell in readily with the girl's suggestion that they should go and dance a step or two at the Feverish Cheese. He said there were several things on the tip of his tongue which he wanted to say about Oofy, and she said so there were on hers. They agreed that if they jogged themselves up with a bit of dancing the thought processes would probably be stimulated.

I don't know if any of you know the Feverish Cheese. It is—or was, for it has now gone out of business—a smelly little joint in the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury Avenue. Bingo didn't think much of it. He could hardly realize that there had been a time when he had liked night-clubs. Odd, he felt, how the love of a good woman purifies a man. While bumping his way round the floor, which was congested with weird females and men who might have been Oofy Prosser's



brothers, he mused on Mrs. Bingo, thinking how deeply he worshipped her.

He nearly mentioned this to the girl, but thought better not, perhaps. However, it was not long before the subject came up between them. The management of the resort had supplied its patrons, in order that they might

make themselves as pestilential as possible, with rattles and squeakers, and Bingo pocketed one of each.

"For my baby," he explained.

The girl seemed astonished.

"Have you got a baby?"

"You bet I have! As bouncing a one as ever sprayed breakfast cereal."

"Where on earth did you get a baby?"

"Oh, it sort of breezed along."

"I mean, are you married?"

"Oh, rather. Odd you should have said that, because I was just thinking how much I loved my wife. I expect you know her name. Rosie M. Banks."

"The writer?"

"That's the one. You are familiar with her output?"

"I don't read her books myself, but I have an uncle who's crazy about them. They exchange long letters."

"Rosie is always ankle-deep in fan mail."

"Yes, but it's curious that my uncle should like her stuff. I mean, it's pretty sentimental, isn't it?"

"On the sentimental side. Her heroes are always having misunderstandings with their girls and reddening and going off to Africa."

"So I gathered. Yet my Uncle Joseph eats it alive. And to look at him and meet him in the course of business you would think he was a twenty-minute egg. He's the magistrate at Bosher Street."

"Well, well! I know him by repute of course, though I have never actually met him. Before I married I generally used to patronize the chap at Vine Street. But Barmy Fotheringay-Phipps was introduced to him the morning after last Boat-Race Night, and speaks very highly of his many gifts."

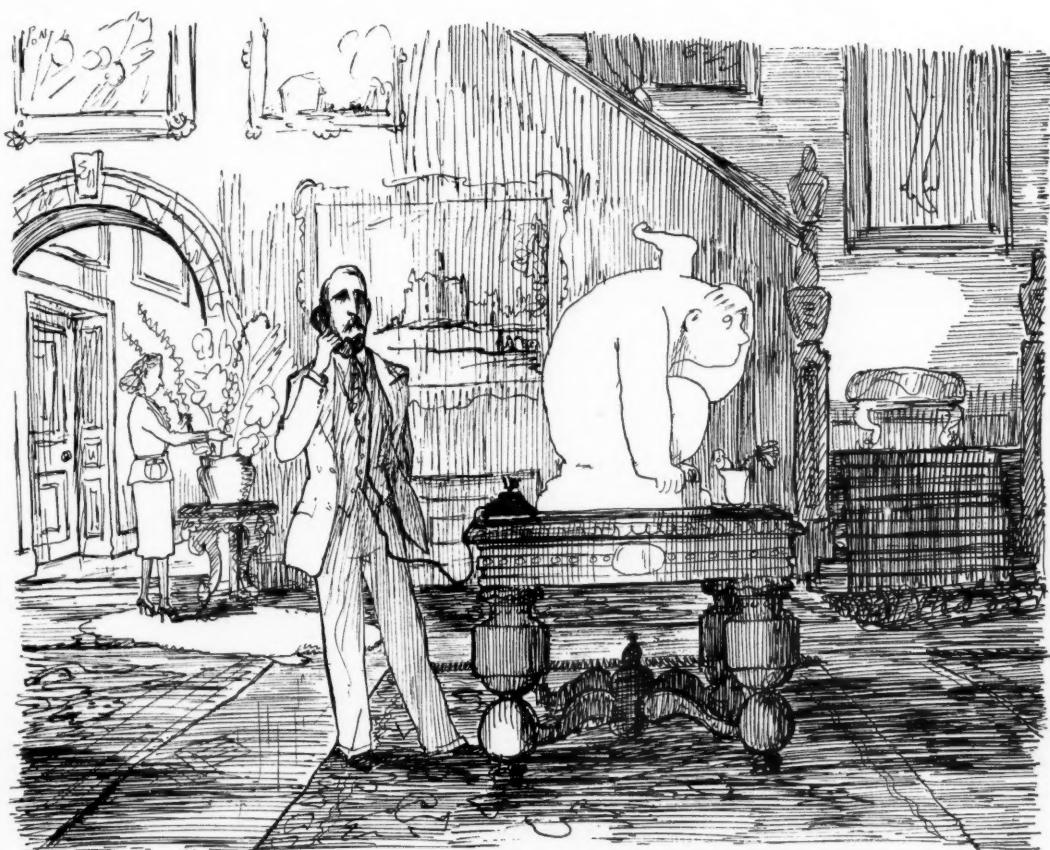
The girl was looking about her. She seemed to disapprove of her surroundings.

"I'll tell you somebody else who will be introduced to him ere long," she said, "and that is the master-mind behind this lazarus-house. Funny how these places go down. It's a year since

I was last here, and it was quite a good spot then. But now I shouldn't be surprised if it wasn't raided at any moment."

And at that moment, by what Bingo has always thought an odd coincidence, it was. The band stopped in the middle of a bar. A sudden hush fell upon the room. Square-jawed men shot up through traps. And one, who seemed to be skipping the team, stood out in the middle and in a voice like a fog-horn told everybody to keep their seats.

Bingo was not alarmed. In his bachelor days he had been through this sort of thing many a time, and he knew just what happened. He set himself to soothe the girl, who was betraying signs of agitation. She said this was a nice bit of box fruit and that she must get out immediately, adding that the thought of appearing before her Uncle Joseph at Bosher Street on the following morning was one that froze the blood. Already her standing in the home was none too good, and



"Get me Messerschmitt 109."

what little prestige she still retained would be sensibly diminished if her relative observed her standing in handcuffs in the dock.

Bingo endeavoured to dispel her apprehensions.

"Absurd!" he said. "No danger of that whatever. Here, in a nutshell, is the set-up. The formalities are very simple. They round us up, and we proceed in an orderly manner to the police station in plain vans. There we assemble in the waiting-room, where we give our names and addresses, exercising a certain latitude as regards the details. I, for example, always used to call myself Ephraim Gadsby, of 'The Nasturtiums,' Jubilee Road, Streatham Common. I don't know why. Just a whim. And then we shall be free to depart, leaving the proprietor to face the awful majesty of Justice."

The girl refused to be consoled. She continued to flutter like an aspen.

"I'm sure that's not what happens. You have to appear in court."

"No, no."

"Well, I'm not going to risk it. Good night," said Mabel Moresby. "Thanks for a very pleasant evening."

And getting smoothly off the mark she made a dash for the service-door, which was not far from where they sat. And an adjacent constable, baying like a bloodhound, started off in pursuit.

Whether Bingo acted judiciously at this point is a question which he has never been able to decide. Sometimes he thinks yes, reasoning that the Chevalier Bayard would have done just the same; sometimes no. Briefly what occurred was that as the gendarme passed he shoved out a foot, causing him to take an impressive toss. The girl withdrew, and the guardian of the peace, having removed his left boot from his right ear, with which it had become momentarily entangled, rose and pinched Bingo. He spent the night in a prison cell, and bright and early next morning was haled before the beak, charged with assaulting the Force and impeding it in the execution of its duties.

It seemed to him, as he stood listening to the officer explaining the circumstances, that the girl Mabel, in describing her Uncle Joseph as a twenty-minute egg, had understated rather than exaggerated the facts. He didn't like the look of him at all. The man had what he could only call a non-picking face, and as the tale proceeded it seemed to harden and become heavy with menace. He kept shooting glances at Bingo over his pince-nez, and it was plain to the latter that

the constable was getting all the sympathy of the audience and that the bird who was definitely cast for the rôle of heavy in this treatment was the prisoner Gadsby. More and more the feeling stole over him that the prisoner Gadsby was about to get it in the gizzard.

However, when the *J'accuse* stuff was over and he was asked if he had anything to say, he did his best. He admitted that he had extended a foot, thus causing the officer to go base over apex, but protested that it had been a pure accident without any *arrière-pensée* on his part. He said he had been feeling cramped and had desired to unlimber the leg-muscles.

"You know how sometimes you want a stretch," he said.

"I am strongly inclined," replied Mabel Moresby's Uncle Joseph, "to give you one now. A good long stretch."

Rightly recognizing this as comedy, Bingo uttered a cordial guffaw, and an officious blighter in the well of the court shouted "Silence!" Bingo tried to explain that he was merely laughing at the magistrate's ready wit, but they shushed him again.

"However," proceeded the old boy, adjusting his pince-nez, "in consideration of your youth I will exercise clemency."

"Oh, fine!" said Bingo.

"Fine," replied the other, who seemed to know all the answers, "is right. Ten pounds. Next case."

I don't know if you remember at school reading about those unfortunate blighters in the Greek tragedies, who used to sweat themselves to the bone struggling against fate, only to take the knock at the final curtain. As Bingo sneaked home with his ears hanging down and that nasty empty space in his trouser-pocket where the tenner should have been, he knew just how they must have felt. It seemed to him that this was the end.

In fact he could discern on the dark horizon just one solitary bit of goose. With any luck he ought to be in and out again before Mrs. Bingo returned, which would enable him to conceal from her the more recent of his activities.

But he couldn't quite make it. He had had a bath and changed, and was about to set out for the office, though feeling ill attuned to the task of providing wholesome reading matter for the tots, when she blew in.

"Bingo!" she yipped.

"Oh, hullo, darling," said Bingo, with as much animation as he could dig up. "Welcome to MeadowSweet Hall."

"Aren't you very late?"

"A little, perhaps."

"I hope Mr. Purkiss won't be annoyed."

"That's quite all right. I have a thorough understanding with Purkiss, who knows a good man when he sees one. 'Be sure always to get a good night's rest,' he has often said to me."

"You don't look as if you had had a good night's rest. You're a sort of funny yellow colour."

"Intellectual pallor," explained Bingo, and was about to push for the open when she called him back.

"Bingo," she said, "have you ever been arrested in a night-club raid?"

Bingo's heart did a quick buck-and-wing step. All he had ever heard and read about woman's intuition came flooding over him. He had to clutch at the hat-stand to maintain his poise.

"Ner-night-club raid?" he said, in a low croaking voice.

Mrs. Bingo laughed one of her silvery ones.

"Did I startle you? I'm sorry. It's just that I've got to the part in my new book where the wild young Lord Beaminster is arrested at a night-club, and I want somebody to tell me if he would be allowed to go home and change, or would he appear in court in dress clothes?"

Bingo swallowed eleven times.

"I really couldn't say. I am a child in these affairs."

"It doesn't matter. I'll be able to find out somewhere. But I mustn't keep you, or you will never get to the office. Run along."

"Right-ho. Everything go off all right last night?"

"Splendidly. Mrs. Purkiss made a wonderful speech. Did you miss me?"

"Terrifically."

"I always hate having to leave you, angel. You weren't bored?"

"Oh, no. Not bored."

"I hope you didn't sit up all night, smoking and reading."

"Oh, no. Rather not."

"I believe you did," said Mrs. Bingo. "I don't think you are at all well this morning. It may be my imagination, but you seem to have a pinched look."

Arrived at the office, Bingo listlessly tried to bring his mind to bear on the letters which had come in for the Correspondence Page ("Uncle Percy's Postbag"), but he wasn't able to make much of a go of it. The standard of pure reason reached by the little subscribers who wrote to the editor of *Wee Tots* about their domestic pets was never a high one, but to-day it



*"I think the Open Letter to Hitler would carry more weight in a dignified 24-point semi-bold italic."*

seemed to him that either he or they must have got water on the brain. There was one communication about a tortoise called Rupert, he tells me, which would have served as a passport for its young author to any padded cell in the kingdom.

Presently he gave it up and devoted the remainder of the working day to sitting on the back of his spine, staring dully at the ceiling. The thought of that lost tenner, for the possession of which the magistrate and the clerk of the court were probably now tossing up, was like some searing acid.

The only thing that enabled him to win through to closing-time was the fact that Purkiss was absent. He had phoned to say that he was nursing a sick headache. When on the premises, he had an unpleasant habit of popping in on Bingo at intervals and talking

through the back of his neck about the policy of the paper, and a popping-in Purkiss at this juncture would have been more than he could have coped with.

It was with a feeling of relief that he finally called it a day. He reached home at six and was about to climb to his room and have a shower and get his maid to put him into something loose when Mrs. Bingo hailed him from the drawing-room.

"Is that you, Bingo?"

"Oh, hullo, darling."

"Will you come here a moment, please."

Even as she spoke, Bingo tells me, he was conscious of some impending doom. He has a sensitive ear, and he didn't like the timbre of her voice. Usually, he says, Mrs. Bingo's voice is like the tinkling of silver bells across a

scented meadow at sunset, but now it was a bit on the flat side and he seemed to detect in it that metallic note which married men dislike so much.

I don't know if you ever read a story of Dunsany's about some blokes who prised the eye out of the face of a dashed unpleasant Eastern idol, it being a diamond or some such thing, and legged it, and were just celebrating the deal at the local pub when the idol, which had come to life and trafiled them, rapped on the window of the saloon bar and said "Hoy!" or words to that effect, giving them a nasty start. That was how Mrs. Bingo's voice sounded to Bingo at this juncture.

She was standing in mid-carpet, looking cold and stern.

"Bingo," she said, "where were you last night?"

Bingo passed a finger round the inside of his collar. The way things looked, it seemed about six to four that the curse had come upon him, but he had a pop at being cool and nonchalant.

"Last night?" he said, musing. "Let me see, that would be the night of June the fifteenth, would it not? H'm. Ha. The night of——"

"I see you have forgotten," said Mrs. Bingo. "Let me assist your memory. You were in a night-club with a girl with red hair."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you. And this morning you were in the dock at Bosher Street Police Court, being fined for assaulting a policeman."

"You're sure you mean me?"

"Quite sure. I had the information from the magistrate at Bosher Street himself. We have been having a correspondence about my books, and it suddenly struck me that he would be the man to tell me about Lord Beaminster. So I phoned him and asked him to tea. He has just left, and as he was leaving he caught sight of your photograph on the piano and said 'Do you know this young man?' in a sniffy sort of voice. He then went on to explain that you had been up before him this morning. A policeman said he had arrested you for tripping him up while he was chasing a red-haired girl in a night-club."

Bingo curled his lip. Or, rather, he tried to, but something seemed to have gone wrong with the machinery. Still, he spoke boldly and with spirit.

"Personally," he said, "I would be inclined to attach little credence to the word of the sort of policeman who goes about night-clubs chasing red-haired girls. And as for this magistrate of yours—well, you know what magistrates are. Chumps to a man. When a fellow hasn't the brains and initiative to sell jellied eels, they make him a magistrate."

"You mean that when he said that about your photograph he was deceived by some slight resemblance?"

"Not necessarily a slight resemblance. London's full of chaps like me. People have told me that there is a bird called Ephraim Gadsby—one of the Streatham Common Gadsbys—who is positively my double."

Mrs. Bingo mused.

"I wish I believed you."

"So do I."

"But I don't. Bingo, tell me the truth."

And so compelling was her eye, and so menacing the way she was tapping her foot on the floor, that his spine turned to gelatine and he was about to

throw in the towel and confess all, when there was a sound outside like a mighty rushing wind and in barged the baby's Nanny. Her eyes were wide and glassy, her breath came in quick pants, and it was obvious that she was in the grip of some powerful emotion. She tottered forward with one hand on her heart, and with the other supported herself on an occasional table.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried. "The baby!"

All the mother in Mrs. Bingo awoke. She forgot Bingo and magistrates and policemen and red-haired girls and everything else. She gasped. Bingo gasped. The Nanny was gasping already. A stranger, entering the room, would have fancied that he had strayed into a convention of asthma patients.

Mrs. Bingo had whitened. She rocked on her base.

"He is ill?"

"No, ma'am. But he just said 'Cat.'"

"Cat?"

"As plain as I'm standing here now. I was showing him his little picture-book, and we'd come to the rhinoceros and he pointed his finger at it and looked up at me and said 'Cat.'"

Such was the dialogue, and no doubt you are asking yourselves what all the excitement was about. "Cat," you are feeling, is not such a frightfully brilliant and epigrammatic thing to say. But the point is that it was Algernon Aubrey's first shot at saying anything. Up till now he had been one of those strong silent babies, content merely to dribble at the side of the mouth and utter an occasional gurgle. You can readily imagine, therefore, that the effect of this hot news on Mrs. Bingo was about the same as that of the arrival of Talkies on the magnates of Hollywood.

She left the room as if shot out of a gun, and the Nanny buzzed after her, and Bingo was alone.

His first emotion of course was one of stunned awe at having been saved from the scaffold at the eleventh hour. Then came the rush of gratitude to this priceless issue of his. Even if Algernon Aubrey had been following the recent conversation word by word, he felt, he could not have spoken more admirably on cue. And finally, his numbed senses started working again and he set himself to think how he could make use of this respite.

Five minutes later he was compelled to admit that he hadn't the foggiest. He had toyed with the idea of saying that he had been in conference with Purkiss last night, discussing matters of office policy, but had been forced to

dismiss it. It had looked good for a moment, but he speedily recognized it as a stumper.

For one thing, Purkiss would never abet the innocent deception. All that Bingo had ever seen of the man told him that the proprietor of *Wee Tots* was one of those rigidly upright blisters who, though quite possibly the backbone of England, are of no earthly use to a chap in an emergency. Purkiss was the sort of fellow who, if approached on the matter of bumping up a pal's alibi, would draw himself to his full height and say "Am I to understand that you are suggesting that I sponsor a lie?"

Besides, Purkiss was at his home nursing his sick headache, which meant that negotiations would have to be conducted over the telephone. You can't swing a thing like that over the telephone. You want the pleading eye and the little pats on the arm.

All in all, therefore, you wouldn't be far wrong in saying that Bingo was in the depths. It was imperative that he have a story ready for Mrs. Bingo when the first excitement of hearing Algernon Aubrey saying "Cat" had worn off and she returned to the room to resume their conversation at the point where it had been broken off: and he couldn't even begin to formulate one which would hold as much water as a sieve.

It seemed to him that about all he could do was to groan hollowly, and he was just doing so when the door opened and the maid-servant announced: "Mr. and Mrs. Purkiss."

As they entered, Bingo, who had leaped to his feet, was just knocking over a table with a vase, three photograph-frames and a jar of potpourri on it. It crashed to the floor with a noise like a bursting shell, and Purkiss soared silently up to the ceiling, hitting it with his head. As he returned to earth, quivering violently, Bingo saw that his face was sallow and that there were dark circles beneath his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Little," said Purkiss.

"Oh, hullo," said Bingo.

Mrs. Purkiss said nothing. She was one of those large, spreading women whose aspect reveals them to the dullest eye as presidents of movements and lecturers to clubs. She seemed to be brooding on something.

Purkiss proceeded. He winced as he spoke, as if articulation hurt him.

"Oh, Mr. Little," he said, "we are not disturbing you, I hope? We have only looked in for a moment."

"Not at all," said Bingo courteously. "I thought you were in bed with a headache."

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"I was in bed with a headache," said Purkiss, "the result, I think, of sitting in a draught and contracting some form of tic or migraine. But my wife was so anxious that you should confirm my statement that I was in your company last night that I made the effort and got up. You have not forgotten, Mr. Little, that we sat up together till a late hour at my club? I expect you will recall that we were both surprised when we looked at our watches and found how the time had gone?"

It seemed to Bingo, as he listened to these words, that a hidden orchestra began to play soft music, while from somewhere in the room there came the scent of violets and mignonette. He also had the illusion that he had just had a couple of quick ones. His eye, which had been duller than Purkiss's, suddenly began to sparkle, and what he had supposed to be a piece of spaghetti in the neighbourhood of his back revealed itself as a spine, and a good spine too.

He drew a deep breath.

"Yes," he said. "That's right. We were at your club."

"How the time flew!"

"Didn't it!" said Bingo. "But then of course we were carried away by the topics we were discussing."

"Quite," said Purkiss. "We were threshing out office policy."

"Absorbing subject."

"Most gripping."

"You said so-and-so, and I said such-and-such."

"Precisely."

"One of the points that came up," said Bingo, "was, if you recollect, the question of payment for that story of mine."

"Was it?" said Purkiss doubtfully.

"Oh, rather," said Bingo. "Surely you haven't forgotten that? You agreed to pay me ten quid for it. Or," he paused, his gaze fixed on the other with a peculiar intensity, "am I wrong?"

"No, no," said Purkiss hastily. "It all comes back to me."

"I may as well take it while you're here," said Bingo, "so as to save you a lot of book-keeping."

Purkiss groaned, perhaps not quite so hollowly as Bingo had been doing before his entrance, but quite fairly hollowly.

"Very well," he said, unbelted. "Ah, good afternoon, Mrs. Little."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Purkiss?" said Mrs. Bingo, who had entered (LEFT UPPER CENTRE). "Julia," she cried, turning to Mrs. Purkiss, "you'll never believe! Algernon Aubrey has just said 'Cat.'"

It was plain that Mrs. Purkiss was deeply moved.

"Cat?"

"Cat."

"Well!"

"Isn't it wonderful!"

"Most extraordinary!"

"Come on up to the nursery, quick. We may be able to get him to say it again."

Bingo spoke. He made a strangely dignified figure as he stood there looking a bit like King Arthur.

"I wonder, Rosie, if I might have a moment of your valuable time?"

"Well?"

"I shall not detain you long. I merely wish to say what I was about to say just now when you suddenly dashed off like a jack-rabbit of the Western prairies. If you ask Mr. Purkiss, he will tell you that, so far from behaving last night in the manner which you recently sketched out, I was closeted with him at his club till an advanced hour. We were discussing several problems of much interest which had arisen in connection with the conduct of *Wee Tots*. For Purkiss and I are not clock-watchers. We love to put in overtime. We work while others sleep."

There was a pregnant silence. Mrs. Bingo seemed to sag at the knees. Tears welled up in her eyes. Remorse was written on every feature.

"Oh, Bingo!"

"I thought I would just mention it."

"Oh, Bingo darling, I'm sorry."

"It is quite all right," said Bingo. "I am not angry. Merely a little hurt."

Mrs. Bingo flung herself into his arms.

"I shall never speak to Sir Joseph Moresby again!"

"I wouldn't," said Bingo. "I've never met the man, of course, but he appears to be a Gadarene swine of the first water. But I must not keep you, Mrs. Purkiss. You will be wishing to go to the nursery."

The females passed from the room. Bingo turned to Purkiss, and his eye was rather stern.

"Purkiss," he said, "where were you on the night of June the fifteenth?"

"I was with you," said Purkiss. "Where were you?"

"I was with you," said Bingo. "Come, let us go and listen to Algernon Aubrey on the subject of Cats. They tell me he is well worth hearing."

P. G. W.



*"I'm SURE the wireless said it was only necessary to remove the rotor-arm."*



*"Private Johnson—About-turn!"*

### *The Return of the Native*

OUR crude Victorian Papas  
Were fond of giving loud hurrahs  
For Nelson, Drake, and Hood;  
And, not content with such displays,  
They added then the horrid phrase  
*"The foreigner's no good."*

Though they would aid, because they must,  
The lesser breeds to bite the dust  
(The only fitting food),  
They wondered, were they worth a fight,  
And often muttered in the night  
*"The foreigner's NO good."*

While quite unable to dismiss  
The simple tale of Genesis,  
They never understood  
Why Adam, first upon the earth,  
Was not of honest British birth,  
*And therefore no dam good.*

And when from their well-ordered home  
They went to Paris or to Rome  
(As in those days one could),

Each morning reinforced and warmed  
The mournful view already formed—  
*"The foreigner's no good."*

It seemed a bore to be allied;  
By others we would not be tied  
(But used them as we would).  
The nations feared us far and nigh,  
For now and then we used to sigh  
*"The foreigner's no GOOD."*

Such sentiments, of course, amaze  
In these humane, enlightened days  
Of general brotherhood:  
But really, when one looks about,  
There does intrude a tiny doubt—  
*"ARE foreigners much good?"*

At all events, the nation's tone  
Is brighter now that we're alone,  
And have not left the wood,  
Than when our friends were quite a queue.  
Perhaps we still accept the view—  
*"The foreigner's no good."*

A. P. H.



THE AUGUST MOON



## Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

THE Air Force fighting the "Battle of Britain," the Navy patrolling the seas, the crews of our minesweepers, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations, are in need of extra comforts such as Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats, and in a few months the need will be greater still.

We ask you to remember these and to think also of the wounded. At any moment their needs may become more imperative. They will not consider themselves heroes, they will not complain; they will be those who have neither fallen in action nor come safely through the ordeal, but are part of the human wastage of war which your action may do something to restore and to console.

Mr. Punch, in expressing his very sincere gratitude for the generous help given by subscribers to his Comforts Fund, would like to suggest that Working Parties wishing to continue their fine effort should consider how great will be the advantage of having plenty of supplies available before the hard weather of winter sets in.

Though we know well that these are days of privation and self-denial for all, we yet ask you, those who can, to send donations NOW, large or small, according to your means, to PUNCH HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, in order that every man shall be assured of warmth and comfort.

## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week.

**Tuesday, August 13th.—Lords:** Agriculture (Miscellaneous War Provisions)



### A GRACIOUS APOLOGY

**Sir KINGSLEY WOOD.** "I'm sorry I sat on those."

(No. 2) and Allied Forces Bills given Second Reading.

**Commons:** Committee Stage of Finance Bill concluded.

**Wednesday, August 14th.—Lords:** Debate on India.

**Commons:** War Savings (Determination of Needs) Bill discussed. Debate on India.

**Thursday, August 15th.—Lords:** Allied Forces Bill passed.

**Commons:** Finance Bill given Third Reading.

**Tuesday, August 13th.—Mr. CHURCHILL** in the Commons and Lord CALDECOTE in the Lords both eloquently deplored the tragic air crash in which Australia had lost several of her leaders.

Urged to state the Government's peace aims, Mr. ATTLEE replied that these would be elaborated at the appropriate time, and urged further to define the appropriate time he laid down the momentous definition that "an appropriate time is a time that is appropriate." Under cover of heavy laughter he got safely away.

One of Mr. CHURCHILL's speeches has been recorded, and

the Ministry of Information is thinking of recording more and sending them about the country in loudspeaker vans. This is a good idea, but if imitated by less important speakers it calls up appalling possibilities. Even Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon might decline into a battery of controversial machinery.

The Commons spent all day on the Committee stage of the Finance Bill, and at times, listening to Members arguing at immense length the urgency of classing some particular article dear to their constituents not as a luxury but only as a semi-luxury, it was difficult to remember that a great air battle was being fought over the South Coast. In spite of Sir DENNIS HERBERT'S strict shepherding, a lot of time was wasted; but the evening was not without real event, for the CHANCELLOR announced that he had changed his mind about the Book Tax. Books, newspapers, leaflets, periodicals, and account books (but not diaries—why this curious exception?) would remain untaxed. Books were an important item in our export trade, said Sir KINGSLEY, and a free and widely distributed Press was a vital factor in keeping the public well-informed. One would have thought these obvious points might have been considered before the Budget.

Other concessions exempted household brooms and brushes from the Purchase Tax, and favourable treatment was promised on the Report Stage to surgical and medical appliances and china goods.

During the discussion on the exemp-

tion of children's shoes there was some criticism of the Government's standard, which is to be by size instead of age, though size is clearly the only practical reference. Cases were retailed to the House of young children who had



### "SEEKING HIGHER THINGS"

"These differences are at this moment unbridged, but I refuse to regard them as unbridgeable."—**Mr. AMERY** on the constitutional issue in India.

monumental feet and of grown-ups who had very small feet; and Sir WILLIAM JOWITT was observed to lean across the CHANCELLOR towards the P.M. and point cynically to Sir KINGSLEY'S dainty little shoes.

A dull day, which the Rev. G. S. Woods did his best to brighten by speaking up manfully for babies' binders.

**Wednesday, August 14th.**—There were good debates in both Houses on the VICEROY'S offer, the most interesting speech in the Lords being made by Lord SAMUEL, who declared that we had the right to demand that India should fight whole-heartedly by our side because the future of her liberties was bound up in the war just as much as were our own.

The Indian debate in the Commons had as curtain-raiser the Bill designed to give effect to Lord SIMON's pledge when he was Chancellor that war savings should not be taken into account in the application of the needs test. Captain CROOKSHANK assured and reassured the House that the Bill carried out Lord SIMON'S intention generously, but the



"It may be that in a few months' time people wearing shabby hats will be regarded as very patriotic."

*Sir KINGSLEY WOOD.*



THE GOOD RESOLUTION THAT GAVE WAY

House thought otherwise, and Members of all parties were so vocal in their disapproval that at length Mr. ATTLEE rose and suggested that the debate should be adjourned so that the matter could be further considered.

Mr. AMERY's speech, as became the utterance of a seasoned mountaineer, was full of metaphors from the High Alps. He said it was easier to keep one's balance on a knife-edge of ice than to tread without stumbling the pitfall-strewn maze of the present Indian situation. It had to be remembered that the deadlock in India was between the main elements of Indian life. The differences between Congress, the Moslems and the Princes were still unbridged, but he refused to regard them as unbridgeable. The greater our difficulties in the war, the more did the Indian public sympathize with us and feel that political difficulties should not interfere with India's united assistance. The VICEROY's offer of an expanded Executive Council was made to meet that feeling. This Council was still to be responsible to the Governor-General, and the Congress claim that its members should instead be responsible to elected members of the Legislature was not at present a practical demand, for it raised the unresolved constitutional issue and

prejudged it in favour of Congress. By accepting the offer, however, Congress would not commit themselves except to work for the common cause of victory. The Government could not transfer their responsibilities until India had devised for herself a constitution suited to her life; this would be done as soon after the war as possible, and in the meantime much preliminary discussion could proceed. India would give her answer to aggression in the field of war, and through our Commonwealth the age-long gulf between Europe and Asia would be bridged.

*Thursday, August 15th.*—This was one of Parliament's rude days.

Hard words were said in the Lords by Lord NEWTON about Sir OSWALD MOSLEY and by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE about former British Governments, and Question-time in the Commons grew more and more heated. The trouble began with questions by Mr. MANDER and the indefatigable Mr. STOKES about the Swinton Committee appointed to deal with Fifth Column problems. Mr. CHURCHILL patiently reminded the House again that public discussion of this Committee would be most unhelpful, and regretted that some Members were not prepared to abide by the Government's wish that

the Committee's work should not be made more difficult by publicity. Much had already been done to remove the danger which had laid Holland low, but the risk of invasion had by no means passed away.

Mr. MANDER criticized the casting of the Committee, and Mr. HOPKINSON criticized Lord SWINTON's appointment and attacked Mr. CHURCHILL for making a mystery of what was perfectly harmless. This drew from Mr. CHURCHILL the hot retort that Mr. HOPKINSON used to obstruct his efforts to get the country properly defended. Mr. HOPKINSON demanded a withdrawal; Mr. CHURCHILL offered to send Mr. HOPKINSON a copy of one of Mr. HOPKINSON's interventions which proved the charge; and Back Benchers continued to harass the P.M. until Mr. BEVAN and Mr. THURTELL growing embarrassingly personal, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON demanded if it was desirable that democracy should be made a laughing-stock by such a frivolous assault on the P.M., whom the whole country wanted to carry on the war to victory. The answer was emphatically in the negative.

The Finance Bill was read a Third time and put kindly to bed by the CHANCELLOR, who promised that tax officials would be considerate.

## Talks for the Times

"... because after all, Cook, we do want to win this war—I'm sure you do just as much as I do—and there are all sorts of little ways in which we can practise *utilization*. And, of course, *preservation*. They're both so important, aren't they? No, Cook, please don't talk in that very pre-war way about bottled fruit. When I say preservation, I mean bottled fruit, naturally, but this isn't at all the time to use any words except the ones that the Government provide us with, is it? I'm sure you see that.

Well, now, I want you to be very careful to differentiate between body-building foods, energizing foods, and protective foods. The Major will require some of each at breakfast, as the eight o'clock News always upsets him, and besides, this A.R.P. work is very exacting. (I sometimes feel that if he catches any more of those really very bad colds of his out on night-duty I shall go mad.)

The maids, being young, had better

breakfast off the body-building groups—which are *not*, Cook, equally necessary in your case, if you don't mind my saying so. And I'm sure you don't need reminding that sugar-content foods are needed by all of us.

No, I don't think I can go into details—I'm due at a Lecture on Utilization at this very minute. But if you really want them, there are five posters, two booklets, seventeen circulars and three charts in the study. You can have a look too at this little paragraph in the paper about the edible Boletus—a soft, yellow, spongy, porous growth found under pine-trees in England and Wales. (Don't, Cook, waste time trying to find it in Ireland or Scotland, because evidently that's no good.) Well, having looked under the pine-trees—and I know there are pine-trees somewhere or other in this county—you will recognize the Boletus by its porousness and its sponginess. You will then peel it, take it home, and fry or stew it exactly as you please. And that will be as good as a nail in Hitler's coffin.

What did you say, Cook?

Well, probably I did hear you wrongly. I'm sure I hope so.

Then there's one thing more about preservation. Naturally, you won't dream of using sugar. Instead, just ask the grocer's boy to bring plenty of sulphide dioxide next time he calls and use that instead. You'll be surprised at the sugar-content result.

You'll cling to the non-perishables, Cook, won't you? They're doing a very great deal towards winning the war for us, and they ought to be encouraged in every possible way. I'm having the potatoes and the carrots clamped—every single one of them.

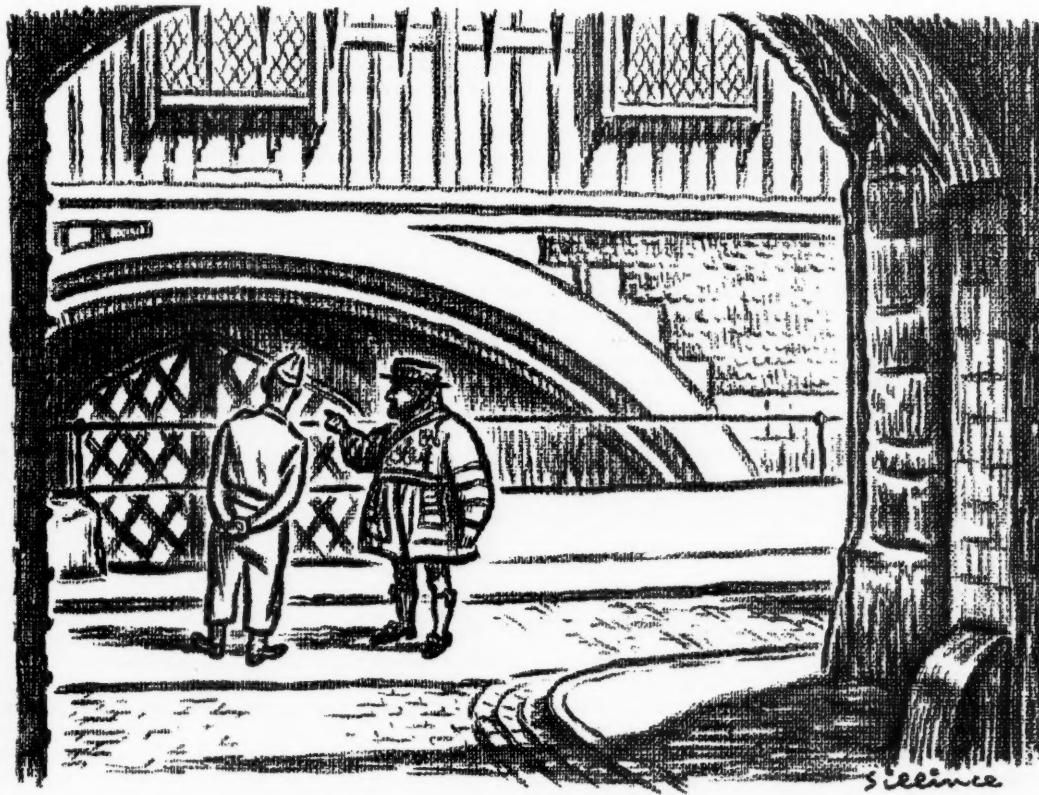
Of course, I do think this Kitchen Front Campaign is bringing out the true value of one's non-perishables, I must say. Look at carrots alone, Cook! Do you realize that carrots, to all intents and purposes, are almost more vitamized than spinach now? I must say, one can't think how they've done it, but it does show a thoroughly English spirit. And I'm sure I hope, Cook, that you and I will do the same.

Save shipping, Cook.

Study preservation.

And whatever you do, never lose sight of the importance of utilization."

E. M. D.



"Aye—that's the famous Fifth Columnists' Gate."

## Housework in War-time

**I**N war-time everyone ought to know something about housework. Or perhaps what I mean is that everyone ought to anyway, but a lot of people managed not to in peace-time. Now they have found they can't get out of it, which the other people think is just fine.

No one has to be told that by far the most important part of housework is *washing up*. Indeed it is so important that the whole routine of our lives has been built round it. You may have wondered *why*, day after day, we in this country should have lunch four or five hours after breakfast, tea about three hours after lunch and dinner four hours after tea. Well, each interval has been deliberately planned to fit the washing up from the meal before, allowing of course an hour to get the next meal ready.

Thus it takes three or four hours to wash up the breakfast things. If you think this is too much, remember there are the dinner things from the night before. It takes two hours to wash up the lunch things. You may say it doesn't take three hours to wash up the tea things. It doesn't; and as soon as people began to see this, as soon as the fact that *for two hours no one was having a meal, washing it up or getting the next one ready* took a dim hold on the public's subconscious, then, sure enough, someone thought of having a drink at six o'clock and the idea spread like wildfire. It hasn't worked quite the way it was meant to; it was supposed to provide enough washing up to tide the gap over till it was time to get dinner ready. But what has happened is that people go on drinking till the normal time for dinner, which makes it an hour late, and the glasses are washed up next morning with the breakfast things. Still, it was a good idea.

But all this isn't helping you with the actual washing up; you will want to hear some way of making it easier than you have found it. There is no way. People often ask why scientists can't invent some machine where you put the things in and turn a handle. Scientists often say they have invented one, but no one believes *them*. So people have to go on washing up just as they always have done, and this is how they do it.

You collect the things and stack them on the draining-board. You fill the bowl—or the sink, if the stopper works—with water and put the silver in first, while the water is still hot. It will be too hot for you to get the silver out again, so you go on to the cups and plates which make the water so dirty that you can't see the spoons and forks and you forget about them. But when you tip the water away, there they are. This is one of the only two surprises you will ever have while you are washing up. The rest of it is quite dreadfully inevitable. If you drop a cup into a sink from a great height, the cup breaks. If you drop it from a small height it only cracks. If you tug a cloth sharply from under a glass casserole the casserole is jerked to the floor. If you don't tug the cloth the person who is drying up will. The other of the two surprises, by the way, is, when you have finished and are hanging up the bit of tangled wire you did the saucepans with, to find you *haven't* finished and there are three more saucepans and a little yellow mug with rabbits on it.

As for drying up, all you need remember is how to tell the things which have been washed from the things which haven't. The things which have are upside-down.

After washing up, the most important branch of housework is *getting a room clean* or, as it is called, *doing it*. Doing means sweeping, dusting and polishing any brass fixtures, such as door-handles, which were polished last time the

room was done. If they haven't been polished for a long time there is a rule that you needn't do them, and any movable brass objects, warming-pans and so on, which are collected and cleaned in the kitchen, you leave to someone else.

Now for the room itself. Experts say you should sweep the floor first, and then give the dust time to settle all over the room before you dust the furniture. There may be something in this. But remember that if someone in the room above has been jumping about so that some of the ceiling has flaked off on to the mantelpiece, and if you dust these flakes off the mantelpiece on to the carpet, then you will have to sweep that bit of the carpet again and the whole dreary business will begin once more—or it would if you still minded whether the room was clean or not. But the general idea is that as long as you go through a certain set of actions once, the room counts as done. For instance, if the top rim of a picture-frame is out of reach, flick your duster in a parallel line under it. Make up your mind that one single circular sweep gets the dust off the glass part of the picture, and stick to it all round the room. And so on.

The main point about doing a room is that next time you do it it will be as dirty as it was before you started it this time. There are two schools of thought about this, one lot holding that this means you should always get it as clean as possible so that in the interval it will collect the minimum of dirt, and the other lot of course saying that it means the whole thing is a waste of time.

Finally, a word about the odd jobs you come in for when you say you will do the housework. You needn't worry about the kitchen boiler, by the way. There will always be someone else in the house who knows how to manage boilers: usually someone quiet, reserved and good with animals. This person, you will find, will be perfectly happy raking the boiler out, sliding the dampers open and shut or simply standing there with one hand on the hot-water pipe, telling everyone that the water is getting hotter and hotter.

When it comes to lighting an ordinary open fire, all you have to know is that no one has ever drawn a fire up with a sheet of newspaper without setting light to the paper. So, I was going to say, don't do it with any part of a paper you are interested in; but I know even stock market prices are interesting when you read them upside-down. So don't do it at all. When you sweep the stairs remember that if you work from the bottom upwards you do no good to anyone; you sweep the dust from one stair to another and leave it there. If you work from the top downwards much the same thing happens. So don't sweep them at all.

You see what I mean. You can save an awful lot of time and trouble by knowing even a little about housework.

○ ○

### The Voice of Eire

**W**E are not for the concentration camp,  
Nor persecution of the Czechs and Poles,  
Nor robbery and torture of the Jews,  
Nor devastation of the stolen lands  
By those who murdered DOLFUSS. Nor are we  
In favour of the slaughter of the men  
Who earn their bread at sea. We are not for  
Oppression of religions. Nor against.  
For we are neutral, and our duty lies  
Neither in praising nor abusing those,  
Rightly or wrongly, doing all these things. ANON.

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## At the Pictures

SEVERAL weeks old, but brought back into the news by another murderous sinking of a British lightship by the heroic German Air Force, *Men of the Lightship* is a reconstruction of what happened this year to the East Dudgeon ship. In other wars the faithful international service of these vessels put them beyond any fear of attack and even in the last war the Germans respected them as something outside and above the conflict, in the same category as the Red Cross; but one day last January, as the men of the East Dudgeon were going about their duties, two swastikaed bombers dived towards them and opened yet another chapter in the foul record of the *Lufwaffe*.

Time after time the planes roared over the little ship, bombing her mercilessly and machine-gunning her crew as they crouched defenceless on her deck. When at last the men took to their boat and left her sinking, the Germans came back and added to their laurels with a further hail of bullets. Wounded and dying, the men rowed all through the night, kept going by their magnificent old skipper. In the morning they found the shore, and as they pulled agonizingly up to it a great wave overturned them. The film ends with bodies tossing in the surf. It is a CAVALCANTI-DAVID MACDONALD production and the cast are all the real thing, either R.N., or Merchant Service, or men of Trinity House. These actors are entirely natural, and convince you that you yourself are on the ship when the attack takes place. This is a very fine little film and a damning indictment of the common enemy. I hope it is being widely shown in the States.

*Johnny Apollo* is a very slick American story of big finance running off the rails, of a father-son emotional tangle and of a bad girl with a heart of gold which she trades in during the last few feet of the film at what looks like a very fair rate of exchange. Taken to pieces it is undiluted nonsense: put together extremely competently by Director HENRY HATHAWAY it carries a certain easy conviction.

It is about a nice fat banker who has one adored son and who has done a bit of embezzling on the side. No sooner is the charge of embezzlement preferred than the adored son rushes



J.M.D.  
[*Johnny Apollo*]

### STEAK-EYE

Micky Dwyer . . . . . LLOYD NOLAN  
Robert Kane Junior . . . TYRONE POWER

home from his university and without the slightest pause for confirmation gives his father the most frightful dressing-down. Now if my father was a nice fat banker who had been very good to me I think I should demand



J.H. DOWD

### A GHOST SNOOP

Alex . . . . . WILLIE BEST  
Lawrence Lawrence . . . . . BOB HOPE

some proof of his guilt before wounding him to the quick, and I hope that in similar circumstances you would do the same; but *Johnny* lacked our faith and tolerance and left his father to face it out alone. I not only disliked

*Johnny* but as the film went on I came to take a very poor view of his intelligence. His father gets a long sentence and is no sooner in prison than the essential nobility of his soul begins to glow like anything through the murk of the boiler-shop where he elects to work out his salvation; *Johnny*, finding it hard to get work because of his father's disgrace, becomes A.D.C. to a gangster, who finds his smooth manners useful. When both go to prison it is of course to *Johnny's* father's prison, and when they plan an escape it is he who gets shot while trying to prevent it, and *Johnny* who is accused of the shooting. I have never seen anyone, even at the pictures, look so bound to die as *Johnny's* father, but after extracting the last ounce from this situation the film cuts to what is undoubtedly the most unscrupulously happy ending I remember on the screen. TYRONE POWER plays the title part. He is a pleasant young man but not yet a good actor. DOROTHY LAMOUR is the gangster's moll who stands by *Johnny* and finally meets him at the prison gate; her performance is conventional but well done. Much the best acting in the film is by EDWARD ARNOLD as the father and by CHARLEY GRAPEWIN as the old rogue-lawyer. LLOYD NOLAN makes a satisfactory gangster.

*Ghost Breakers* is a comedy thriller in which PAULETTE GODDARD and BOB HOPE plumb the mystery of a supposedly haunted castle in Havana. It is quite funny, partly on account of its improbability and partly on account of its dialogue, which is better than usual; and occasionally it is exciting. But it was disappointing to note that in Havana nobody smokes cigars.

The latest *March of Time* is an essay on the United States Navy and its urgent expansion. It is not nearly so informative as usual, but perhaps that was to be expected.

ERIC.

### The Hungry Forties

"Glasgow Gentleman Wants Accommodation, Gourock or Ashton, till end December, possibly longer; seven light breakfasts, one lunch, four good teas; or, alternatively, week-end accommodation; two breakfasts, lunches, teas."—Advt. in *Scottish Paper*.

## L.D.V. Nights\*

A Little Drill

**S**QUA-A-A-A-D!" cries the colonel readily, and we wait in amiable anticipation, all nine of us. We are the rabbits; those of our Company who went through all this twenty-five years ago are putting their rifles to more spectacular purpose elsewhere. They will come back talking earnestly of "bulls," "magpies" and other mysteries as yet hidden from us.

Presently it dawns on us that the colonel is also waiting, though less amiably. We begin to suspect that we have left undone something that we ought to have done and, wondering what this can be, we begin to squint down at our feet and our rifles, and at as many other feet and rifles in the vicinity as can be not too obviously studied. One or two of us throw pride to the winds and glance frankly over our shoulders, seeking a clue in the behaviour of the rear rank.

"Azuere!" bleats the colonel unnecessarily, his patience exhausted, and he blows out his cheeks and fans himself with his green hat.

"Now, just think," he says, abandoning his parade-ground voice for one of honeyed persuasion—"you're easy now, aren't you?"

We are not easy; we are uncomfortable to a man. The evening sun is still powerful; I regret my woollen underwear and flannel shirt designed to resist the cold of the night-watch ahead of me. And there are flies.

Another source of general embarrassment is our exposed position in the main street. Our two uneven ranks are drawn up on the grass verge in full view of passers-by, and at any moment our friends, our wives, our sweethearts may cycle past and witness the exhibition that is being made of us. We are also facing Harry Bull's boot-repairing shop, and he is regarding us with undisguised delight from his window. Harry Bull is getting a bit of his own back, for most of us have from time to time in the idle days of peace stared at him pityingly as he hammered away with his mouth full of nails.

However, we are soldiers enough to know what the colonel means, and we nod and murmur affirmatively.

"Then didn't I tell you," he says, wiping his brow on a huge yellow handkerchief, "on the word 'Squad!' to drop the right hand to the second band on your rifle? Remember?"

Of course he did! We break into relieved smiles, and nine right hands

fumble quickly downwards, only to dart nervously back again at the reminder that no order has yet been given.

"Now then!" he barks suddenly, and a small eager man on the extreme left mistakes this remark for the word of command, acts upon it smartly, realizes he is alone in doing so, changes his mind, panics and drops his rifle with a clatter on the pavement in front of him. Nobody has the heart to say anything; all but the colonel are only too sensible of their own fallibility, and no doubt the colonel suppresses any spontaneous comment with the reflection that he is, after all, only the delinquent's equal in rank. Harry Bull's muffled laughter, however, comes out to us on the still evening air.

"Squa-a-a-a-d!" — a fluttering of hands—"Shun!"

The synchronization of clicking heels is not quite perfect; there is a raggedness about it, as of dying applause—but it might be worse, the colonel says. And after we have done it half a dozen times, with intermittent sloping of arms by way of variety, we all feel that it might be much worse. The order "Right turn!" is obeyed with something approaching unanimity, and those who have misconstrued it are quick to take a hint from the rest of us; then, with a "Quick march!" and a "Left wheel!" we are sent tramping off round the corner into the comparative privacy of Pepper's Lane. We are pursued, however, by the flies, by derisive injunctions to "pick 'em up" from a few of the young villagers for whom we are planning to make democracy safe, and by the tin-trumpet barks of two odd-looking dogs who appear to have been hastily knitted in dirty white wool.

I am reprimanded en route for aiming a blow at a particularly inquisitive fly ("Don't finger your face when marching at attention!"), and the man in front of me, who has a very red neck in spite of his wearing his check cap back to front, makes the mistake of saying "What about them taters, Arthur?" to a passing cyclist. Both of us are feeling very small when finally brought to an indecisive standstill a hundred yards farther on, and no sooner have we left-turned than we get into fresh trouble for exchanging muttered words of sympathy. This,

\* Quibblers, please read "Home Guard Goings-on," or what you will.

we feel, is going to take some getting used to.

When we are standing easy again, regaining our breath (for the quick march has been rather too quick for comfort, the pace having been set by two short men manœuvred into a purely fortuitous leadership), the colonel reminds us that when standing easy we can move about as we like—except for our feet. He repeats this qualification with renewed emphasis, and I therefore stop scratching my left calf with my right shoe and further disgrace myself by springing to unbidden attention under the colonel's reproving eye. I relax, blushing, and begin to contemplate a transfer to the Auxiliary Fire Service.

Pepper's Lane is long, narrow and dusty, admirably suited, the colonel appears to think, to the perfecting of our Right-about Turn. So we do this many times, with little noticeable improvement. We are marched briskly along until everybody is in step and then turned round with four heavy stamps and marched back again. There is variety of outlook in this, if nothing else, and from time to time the check cap and red neck in front of me are replaced by the prominent shoulder-blades of the very tall man in shiny blue serge behind me. I have been wondering who it was who trod on the heels of my shoes, and now that I see the length of his legs I understand and forgive.

By now the two knitted dogs have tracked us down and are complicating matters by threading their way amongst our marching feet. They pay less attention to the colonel's words of dismissal than to our own less abstract suggestions that they might do better elsewhere. We are rid of them at last, though our repeated kicks at their woollen ribs have played havoc with our spacing and alignment. In a merciful spell of rest, during which we flail at the flies like two rows of miniature windmills, the colonel hurts some of our feelings by remarking that the rear rank isn't very well dressed. But the purely military significance of the observation comes home to us eventually, and we shuffle humbly into place. He then restores our self-respect by a few brief words of, if not praise, at least tolerance, and passes down each rank handing us all a clip of cartridges. We have practised loading with dummy clips, but this is the real thing. Every

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man says a polite "Thank you" as he takes his ammunition gingerly, and the colonel, giving the order to load, falls back cautiously on our right.

The wisdom of his move is made startlingly clear almost at once, for the cartridges have no sooner clicked down into the magazines than the evening hush is rent by a deafening report. A rifle clatters down on my left, and from the direction of the main street comes a hoarse cry. The small eager man, anxious to be the quickest and smartest of us all, has inexplicably slipped a shell into the breech and pulled the trigger.

There is a second's awe-stricken pause. Then our ordered ranks are transformed into a galloping rabble, heading in the direction taken by the bullet. Debouching out of Pepper's Lane, the colonel bringing up the rear, we see that a small group has already gathered outside the establishment of Harry Bull. All are gesticulating towards the lettering over the window where the "u" of Harry's surname

now has a neat round hole between its two uprights.

"Fall out!" bleats the colonel superfluously as he canters up to inspect the damage, and we straggle off towards our nearby headquarters, clustering excitedly round the hero of the evening, enlightening him as to how it happened.

As Harry Bull remarks to a number of admirers in the "Prince Regent" afterwards, it is "the only — Bull some of them 'Ome Guardians is likely to get yet awhile."

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### Betting on a Certainty

**S**OMETIMES at rouge-et-noir a run Of black will go to twenty-one— Or even more, for all I know. Hitler seemed mad a while ago In Poland, and I told him so. I said that Warsaw would hold out, But he won there without a doubt.

I said he'd never win the fight In Norway, but he turned out right. I said that Holland humbled Spain And soon would show its might again.

I said that Belgium stopped the Kaiser And once again would hold the Yser, But Adolf Hitler turned out wiser. I said he never would advance Against the French. He conquered France.

At us his next ambition climbs. He has been right so many times, That I will wager all I've got, And borrow more and stake the lot, And recommend my neighbours too To do the same as I shall do And back their faith that before long Hitler will turn out to be wrong.

ANON.

• •

"SWARMS OF JELLYFISH STOP FISHING"  
*The Star.*

Why not, if they like shooting better?



"Well, I reckon it's pathetic, even with a permit."



*"Can you think of anything else we used not to be able to keep in this district?"*

## How I Won the War.

SUCH a lot of people will be writing War Memories when the war is over that I thought it would be a good idea to get mine started at once, but as I haven't yet had my calling-up papers I shall have to use a certain amount of imagination.

### CHAPTER I

A handsome athletic figure with the wide brow of a man capable of deep thought strode into the camp, his well-knit figure evoking cries of admiration from a couple of colonels, a corporal, and an adjutant who were playing nap together at a little table just by the gate of the camp. It was me.

"By George!" said one of the colonels, "I wish we could get more recruits of that type." He strolled over and gripped me by the hand. "Tell the man who gives you your uniform," he said, "to throw in three stripes straight away. You are obviously cut out for a sergeant at least."

"Aye, Aye, Sir," I said, saluting smartly.

"We don't say 'Aye, Aye' in the Army," he said with a kind smile. "You are mixing us up with the Navy—a very natural mistake. And you can just call me Willie in future. . . I am actually Colonel Sir William Crewd-Mortimer, K.C.B. Do you play nap?"

I intimated that I did, and then went to collect my uniform.

"Colonel Crewd-Mortimer said I was to be a sergeant," I said firmly.

The man said they hadn't any stripes in stock, and tried to persuade me that I should be happier as a private, but I was not in a mood to stand any nonsense, and in the end he said I had better be a second lieutenant, as he had quite a good second lieutenant's uniform he had been trying to get rid of for some time.

I found I looked even better-knit in the uniform than in civilian clothes, and went to report to the Colonel, who had just got misère by dropping a king under the table, and seemed happy.

"Ah! my boy," he said, "I am a rare judge of character, and I saw at once that you were going to get on. But even I didn't think you would

become a second lieutenant within half an hour of joining the Army. Pull up a chair, because I and my colleagues here are planning a landing on the German coast, and you look just the sort of fellow who would have ideas. Can you speak German?"

"Oui, oui," I said. Actually those are the only two words of German I know, but I did not want to create a bad impression.

"Good," said the Colonel, "then you can go with us. I will explain our plan. A large air liner picks us up at point A, and lands us at point B, which is just inside Germany. We then start walking towards Berlin, disguised as peasants carrying birthday greetings to the Fuehrer."

I did not wish to throw my weight about too much on my first day in the Army, but I felt bound to tell him that I did not think much of his plan, and in a few minutes he was persuaded, and had adopted my alternative plan, that we should go over by submarine, and walk to Berlin disguised as Lancashire cotton-spinners, carrying a petition asking for the Fuehrer to take Lancashire under his protection.

"But can you speak Lancashire?" asked the Colonel.

"Can I not then?" I said, "look you—hoots, mon!"

By the time the expedition was ready to set out, at 11 P.M., I had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and it was common talk in the officers' mess that by the time I returned from our hazardous adventure I should be a general at least.

That is the end of Chapter One, and as my calling-up papers have just arrived by the afternoon post I have decided to leave Chapter Two until I am actually in the Army. I am a great stickler for accuracy, and I feel that it may be just possible that Army life is not, in detail, exactly as I have drawn it.



## Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Megiddo and Felixstowe

THE character of the conqueror of Palestine is epitomized in the place-names he selected for the title that rewarded his victories—that of a homely English town and that of the remote and sombre site of his final battle. It is said of him that his name, turned to *Allah en nebi* ("the prophet of the Lord"), fulfils dramatically an Arab prophecy regarding the conquest of Jerusalem. It is said also that he inconvenienced his departure to the Holy Land at the head of an army to say good-bye to a sick child he had befriended. In *Allenby: A Study in Greatness* (HARRAP, 18/-), General Sir ARCHIBALD WAVELL, his successor in Eastern command, contrasting the diverse aspects of his hero's personality, admits freely that in his moments of impetuosity ALLENBY really did roar like a bull and look like a bull and throw things about the place, yet he is more inclined to emphasize an abiding love for flowers and birds than the furies at a breach of discipline. He even declares that those devastating diapasons were the expression of a certain natural shyness. This book is a technical account of famous campaigns by a fellow soldier, fortunately with quite a lot of human nature thrown in.

### Visa for China

For a woman to arrive at the capital of CHIANG KAI-SHEK via the far-famed Burma Highway with an ammunition convoy strikes one as an almost incredible feat. Yet Mrs. EILEEN BIGLAND performed it; and her foray *Into China* (COLLINS, 18/-) in a bus full of rifles and T.N.T. is only less grisly an experience than the hell of Japanese air-raids that awaited her arrival. Landslides, lack of petrol, malaria, leprosy, colliding lorries and mass-invasions of mosquitoes and lice rendered the transit hideous—but never, thanks to its heroine's indomitable spirit, humourless. The landslides were shovelled aside, petrol arrived sooner or later, when your fellow-travellers died they were bundled through the bus windows and there was always citronella for the mosquitoes and, at least once, a hot sulphur bath for the lice. The company, heartily enjoyed, was largely cosmopolitan; and Mrs. BIGLAND's reverence for Chinese philosophy survived an encounter with a venerable priest whose theological studies had been financed by the sale of eleven prostitute sisters. Her own answer to "the Chinese puzzle" is that union will ultimately come among the people themselves; and that, in the meantime, they are unconquerable.

### Hereditary Novelist

The announcement that a new book is the work of a great-grandchild of CHARLES DICKENS may well raise hopes too high for any probable fulfilment, and if Miss MONICA



*Officer. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS? THAT'S EXCELLENT SOUP."*

*Private. "YES, SIR—THAT'S WHAT WE SEZ, SIR."*

*Officer. "VERY WELL, THEN. WHAT'S THE COMPLAINT?"*

*Private. "IT AIN'T THE SOUP, SIR; IT'S THE COOK. 'E CALLS IT STEW."*

Graham Simmons, August 25th, 1915

DICKENS detects a peevish tone in criticisms of her first novel, *Mariana* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6), she may solace herself with that reflection. The story of her book is simple: her heroine *Mary* is intrinsically any young girl waiting for the perfect lover, thinking again and again that she has found him and, when she does, realizing the foolishness of her earlier attempts to recognize him. The story is full of lively characters and incident that is interesting, even if not always true to life, but *Mary* is so self-centred that she seems slight and so obviously her creator's pet that she is sometimes tiresome. Miss DICKENS is content at present to skim the surface of emotion and mistakes mere vulgarity for wit—or frankness; but even so *Mariana* gives promise that, when she takes up a wiser attitude and has accumulated the right material, she will make such use of it as her famous great-grandfather might not have despised.

### A Lowland Boyhood

Those who pick up *The Green Hills Far Away* (COLLINS, 10/6), on the strength of its jacket's recommendation, as "a relief from the bitter distractions of the contemporary world" will probably discover more bitterness than is palatable in the anodyne itself. One ought perhaps to have an appreciable mingling and tingling of Scots blood—and "red" corpuscles should predominate—to appreciate anything as anti-English and class-conscious as Mr. JAMES

BARKE's account of his Lowland childhood. The militant spirit of the beldames who flung their stools at uncongenial theologians has descended in full force on his preface. This attributes to English industrialism every ill from which modern Scotland suffers, though the tale of any average business directorate in the Empire would probably discover a surprising proportion of Scots names to English. The offspring of two estate workers on an aristocratic demesne, Mr. BARKE seems inadequately conscious of the milk (literal) and honey (figurative) that accrued from his parents' pleasant occupations of forester and dairymaid. Even an appreciative interest in his country's flora and fauna strikes one rather as an expansion of the writer's egoism than as a generous tribute to external beauty.

#### Art Critic

Not for some time, in *Roger Fry* (HOGARTH PRESS, 12/6), is there anything to suggest that it is by Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF; indeed there are some things (for example the sentence "Very shy and sensitive, the effect of such an upbringing was permanent") to suggest that it is by almost anybody else. Much of the book in fact is written with little more obvious care and distinction than any average biography; but all of it shows a sensitive intuition as well as an informed appreciation in the biographer, and all of it is interesting. It does admirably trace the development of the young Quaker, who was at first trained as a scientist, into the immensely influential painter and critic of art. A great deal of the story is told in his own words, from letters and autobiographical writings; a particularly entertaining chapter describes his travels about Europe with PIERPONT MORGAN in search of treasures for the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The book's appeal is mainly to people interested in art—the readers of *Vision and Design*; but many will enjoy it who have no concern with art at all. It is illustrated with photographs of ROGER FRY himself, his family, his homes, and four or five of his pictures.

#### Pieces of Eight

*The Ship Aground* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-) is an excellent yarn which Miss C. FOX SMITH, well known by her initials to readers of *Punch*, has devised for the delight of boy readers. Many girls and grown-up readers will delight in it too, for it is one of those tales of lonely islands, buried treasure and wicked pirates—and here with a homely old English inn for background—that few lovers of the sea and romance can resist. Miss FOX SMITH has of course a sure touch on the nautical side of her story; and, beginning slowly, it becomes so exciting that it is difficult not to finish it at one sitting; while few of us, even among the best

trained in guessing a plot, will realize the significance of the old inn's being "The Ship Aground," Wapping, until *Barty*, the hero, explains it. Definitely of the school of *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, even to the fact that the hero tells his own tale, the book gains individuality from the author's own sea travel and sea experiences. The black-and-white illustrations by Mr. C. WALTER HODGES are superb.

#### Behind the Lines

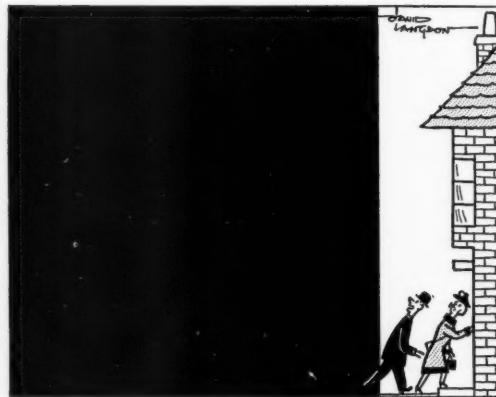
Mr. BERNARD NEWMAN may with reason consider himself unlucky inasmuch as the collapse of the French Army must inevitable deprive *Siegfried Spy* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) of some of its interest. Many of us are by this time familiar with Mr. NEWMAN's methods, and it is hardly necessary to say that this tale of espionage bristles with incidents that can correctly be described as hectic. Dear old *Papa Ponti* again plays a part, and guided by his "instinct" he puts

in some excellent work, but he is far from taking all the honours. This yarn cannot fail to be meat and drink to anyone who does not find that the facts of the present war are sufficient in themselves.

#### Rough Houses

Messrs. HEINEMANN describe *Danger Road* (7/6) as a tale of adventure, and while reading it evidence enough can be found that this is "a first novel." Both in scene and tone Mr. MARK SAXTON's story is thoroughly American, and the gusto with which the incidents of a son's hunt for his missing father are related must, in spite of some superfluities, gain the approval of anyone who is fascinated by

pace and peril. With the help of two loyal friends, *Brinton Daggert* seemed to move at top speed through a country that was bordered on one side by a frying-pan and on another by the fire; but in the end mysteries were cleared away and paid was put to an account that wanted drastic and immediate attention.



"Good—just in time before the black-out."

#### Children in War-time

THE children hear the aeroplanes go by;  
They stand and stare into the summer sky,  
Then turn again to dancing and to play  
And all the serious business of the day.

R. F.

#### Making the Best of It

"Mrs. —— and helpers served tea, to which a number of evacuees were invited. Mrs. —— won the prize for the three best spills." *Daily Paper*.

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